





15c

# LEHIGH BACHELOR

*Spring Houseparty Issue*

# WHAT! A girl training men to fly for Uncle Sam?

THE name is Lennox—Peggy Lennox. She's blonde. She's pretty. She may not look the part of a trainer of fighting men, but—  
She is one of the few women pilots qualified to give instruction in the CAA flight training program. And the records at Randolph and Pensacola of the men who learned to fly from Peggy show she's doing a man-sized job of it. She's turned out pilots for the Army . . . for the Navy. Peggy is loyal to both arms of the service. Her only favorite is the favorite in every branch of the service—Camel cigarettes. She says: "It's always Camels with me—they're milder."

FLYING INSTRUCTOR  
PEGGY LENNOX SAYS:

"THIS IS THE  
CIGARETTE FOR ME.  
**EXTRA MILD—**  
AND THERE'S  
SOMETHING SO  
CHEERING ABOUT  
CAMEL'S  
**GRAND  
FLAVOR"**



● "Extra mild," says Peggy Lennox. "Less nicotine in the smoke," adds the student, as they talk it over—over Camels in the pilot room above.

Yes, there *is* less nicotine in the smoke of slower-burning Camels . . . extra mildness...but that alone doesn't

tell you why, with smokers in the service . . . in private life, as well . . . Camels are preferred.

No, there's something else...something *more*. Call it flavor, call it pleasure, call it what you will, you'll find it only in Camels. You'll *like* it!



Don't let those eyes and that smile fool you. When this young lady starts talking airplanes—and what it takes to fly 'em—brother, you'd listen, too . . . just like these students above.



She may call you by your first name now and then, but when she calls you up for that final "check flight," you'd better know your loops inside and out. It's *strictly regulation* with her.



Yes, and with Instructor Peggy Lennox, it's strictly Camels, too. "Mildness is a rule with me," she explains. "That means slower-burning Camels. There's less nicotine in the smoke."

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

## 28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of *the smoke itself*!

**CAMEL**—THE CIGARETTE OF  
COSTLIER TOBACCOS



● BY BURNING 25%  
SLOWER than the average  
of the 4 other largest-selling  
brands tested—slower than  
any of them—Camels also  
give you a smoking *plus*  
equal, on the average, to

**5**

**EXTRA SMOKES  
PER PACK!**

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company  
Winston-Salem, N. C.



# LEHIGH Bachelor

Volume 2, Number 7

Houseparty, 1942

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# BEER AND SKITTLES

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

The following letter was received recently-- unsigned, as it appears here.

Dear Sirs:

Since I am an Engineer, I have met with but little of the difficulties besetting a Businessman. Previous to this semester I had the false impression that all of the business courses consisted merely of studying the night before each of the three hour quizzes per semester. My illusion has been shattered. After three and one-half years I have met up with one of the most time-consuming and time-wasting (compared with the value received) courses into which I have had the misfortune to be shoved. I refer to the course entitled "Accounting for Engineers", and find it extremely hard to refrain from profanity as I do so. Admittedly, there is some valuable knowledge to be had from this subject, but why try to hide the few choice morsels behind piles of confusing and disgusting figures. Smaller problems with two or three figure amounts would do wonders in decreasing the tedious labor and in increasing interest in the course. As long as Lehigh intends to sport an accelerated program, I think we could stand cutting down some of the time spent on this course

## HOUSEPARTY GADGET

We notice one of the stores across town is offering blackout lanterns for sale to any and all overcautious and overpatriotic individuals. Might not make a bod investment for the fraternities and dorms for Houseparty weekend.

## REPRINT

From a Cornell WIDOW, monthly humor magazine, of unknown vintage, but boasting an age of at least 25 years, comes the following excerpt entitled "An Echo of Junior Week".

"It was during the desert course. He had been

## BEER and SKITTLES (Cont'd)

sitting next to her for the last hour and a half, and was deeply conscious of the beautiful contour of her arms and shoulders.

"Do you know," she said suddenly, "I've been in misery for a week. Some times I could almost scream with pain."

"Why, what is the matter?" he exclaimed sympathetically.

"I was vaccinated a while ago, and it has taken dreadfully."

His eyes fell, and his gaze was curious. But he saw no fear.

"Why, where were you vaccinated?" he asked impetuously.

"In New York," she replied.

\* \* \*

"What a splendid fit," said the tailor as he carried the epileptic out of his shop.

\* \* \*

Conductor—Can't you see the sign says "No Smoking"?

Gob—Sure, mate, that's plain enough. But there's another difzy sign that says "Wear Nemo Corsets," so I ain't paying attention to any of 'em.

—*Wisconsin Octopus*

\* \* \*

A tommyhawk is what if you go to sleep suddenly and wake without hair, there is an Indian with.

\* \* \*

"Mamma, where doth elephants come from? And don't try to thtall me off wiv that gog about the thtork."

Roses are red,  
Violets are blue,  
Orchids are \$2.50.  
Would dandelions do?

\* \* \*

The two intoxicated gents stopped on the corner. One held both hands clasped, saying, "Whaddy a think I got?" The other drunk looked long and searchingly at the clasped hands before venturing the guess. "The Smith Building." With a violent shaking of the head he was informed that he was wrong. His next guess was a railroad train, and as before, "No." "Well," said the other after a pause, "I'll bet it's an elephant!" The first looked very unhappy for a moment, then brightening up he asked, "What color?"

\* \* \*

## LOCAL AFTERNOON

"Shall we sit in the parlor?"

"No, I'm too tired. Let's go and play tennis."

\* \* \*

Hell, thumb through a dictionary some day. You and the house will go nuts.

\* \* \*

Knock, knock.

St. Peter: "Who's there?"

Voice outside gates: "It is I."

St. Peter: "Go to hell. We have enough English teachers in here now."

—*Medley*

*Bricker's*

BREAD

# A BENCH IN THE PARK

## A SOCIAL COMEDY IN ONE ACT

By Edwin H. Klein, Arts '42

### CHARACTERS

in order of their appearance

A Tramp  
A Policeman  
A Girl  
A Sailor  
A Post-Debutante  
A Gentleman  
A Girl  
A Boy

SCENE: A metropolitan park in late spring. In the center foreground is an ordinary park bench flooded in a yellowish pool of light from a street-lamp to the rear and to the left. The background is a diffused and hazy impression of a great city in the late evening. The Tramp is lying on the bench, reading a small book. The Policeman enters Right walking slowly and swinging his night stick. He is a typical, heavy, middle aging patrolman. Without any visible change of expression he sees the reclining Tramp and crosses towards him. He prods the reader in the ribs with his night stick.

### POLICEMAN

Here—on your feet. What do you think this is—the Public Library? On your feet, chum.

*(The Tramp, paying no attention to the proddings of the night stick, continues to read. The Policeman flips the book shut with his stick.)*

### POLICEMAN

*(The Tramp sits up holding the book in one hand and for the first time the audience gets a clear impression of his appearance. He is not an ordinary tramp. He wears his tattered clothing jauntily and there is a Puckish quality about his face. He gives the impression of being a twentieth century Harlequin.)*

### TRAMP

You know, officer, you're very rude—very rude, sir. I love this old park. There's something about it that reminds me of my country estate—lovely place—old Colonial, y'know—been in the family for generations. And

your rousing me from my lair calls to mind fox hunting—great sport. Ever follow the hounds, officer? Er—no—no, I can see you haven't. Neither have I—not recently.

### POLICEMAN

Okay, funny guy; maybe you want to go down to the station. Maybe you want ninety days for vagr'ncy.

### TRAMP

No thank you, sir, I like it much better here—the view is much nicer. Besides it's springtime and if I got ninety days I wouldn't be out until August. No thanks, copper, I'll stay here.

*(He is about to lay back on the bench but the Policeman jerks him erect.)*

### POLICEMAN

You bums think you own the park.

### TRAMP

Maybe it's just that we appreciate the park, sir. Perhaps we don't regard it as a place to keep people out of. You look at this whole thing in the wrong light, sir. This is a place to be enjoyed. Did you ever read Rupert Brooke? Or Alan Seeger? Or anyone who could make poetry out of the way they feel about life? The trouble with you, copper, if you'll pardon my boldness, is that you never read anything but the city ordinances and the park rules and regulations. You're no longer a human being. You're a machine that knows only one job—to chase people. What's a park for, copper?

### POLICEMAN

This is the taxpayers' park, buddy, and they pay me to keep bums like you out of it. Now get out before I get mad.

### TRAMP

As long as you insist—I'll move. But may I recommend a good long breath of this wonderful spring air, copper? It might make you forget your badge and brass buttons.

*(He tucks his book under his arm with an elaborate flourish and saunters offstage Right. The Policeman remains standing for a minute, then shaking his head slowly, turns and exits Left.)*

over please

## A BENCH IN THE PARK . . .

continued

*For a moment the stage is empty and then the Girl enters Right. She moves with a slow indolent swagger. She stops and glances around. Evidently she is tired for she sinks down on the bench with a grunt of relief and slips off one high-heeled slipper. She leans over and rubs her aching foot. Between twenty-five and thirty, there is still a prettiness about her overly made-up face.*

*She sees someone coming Left so she replaces her slipper, opens her handbag, and takes a critical look at her face in a compact mirror. She adds more lipstick to where there is already too much. She takes out a cigarette, but makes no move to light it until the Sailor enters Left. The Sailor is about nineteen, tall, and slender. He notices the Girl on the bench, pushes his white cap a little further back on his head, and swaggers past her.)*

GIRL

Gotta light, sailor?

*(The Sailor whirls around, pulling a paper packet of matches from his breast pocket.)*

SAILOR

Sure—sure thing, sister.

*(He lights her cigarette, eyeing her critically. She takes a drag on the cigarette and looks back at him with a time-worn invitation in her eyes.)*

GIRL

Thanks, sailor.

SAILOR

Don't give it a thought, babe.

*(He sits down beside her.)*

Say—maybe this evening will turn out all right. What are you doing t'night besides sitting in the park?

GIRL

Nothing special—why, have you got plans?

SAILOR

I could make plans for both of us, sugar.

*(She leans towards him until their bodies are almost touching.)*

GIRL

What sort of plans?

SAILOR

Plans involving you and me and some other things.

GIRL

I got a place that isn't so far away—would that fit into your plans?

SAILOR

Yeah—yeah, it might at that. Maybe we could have a little party.

*(He slips his arm around her shoulder and draws her towards him. He bends over to kiss her; their lips almost meet, but she turns her head.)*

GIRL

Aren't you moving a little fast, sailor? At your age you don't have to rush things. You're pretty young, aren't you?

*(He relaxes, takes his arm away, and laughs.)*

SAILOR

Well—to bartenders and the shore patrol I'm twenty-one—to you I'm nineteen, but that doesn't mean I'm a kid. I've been around.

GIRL

Say, how is it you're wanderin' around here by yourself? I thought you sailors went around in bunches.

SAILOR

Listen, sweetness, nobody was allowed off the ship t'night, but I knew you'd be waiting in the park for me so I swam ashore.

GIRL

Sure, I know just what you mean.

*(The Sailor laughs.)*

SAILOR

You really want to know why I'm alone? The gang was back in some gin mill tanking up when I suddenly realized it was April and springtime. I decided I wanted to take a walk in the park and see if things still got green in the spring. I was brought up on a farm in Iowa and after being at sea all winter—I guess that sounds plenty corny, huh?

GIRL

Not to me, sailor—not to me. I was a small town girl myself—before I got big ideas about the city. Funny—you being from Iowa—I'm from Illinois. I haven't been home for a long time. I can't very well go home either, not now. I don't think my family would want to see me, not with them knowing—Say, sailor, what would you be doing if you were home t'night? Bet you'd be going to a dance or something with your girl.

SAILOR

Yeah, Carol and me, we'd be—

GIRL

Carol—she your girl?

SAILOR

I guess so. Haven't seen her for a year, but she still writes.

GIRL

You still love her?

SAILOR

Yeah, I guess I do. I'm leaving for home tomorrow—got a five-day leave. Nobody knows I'm coming. Sort of a surprise, y'know.

GIRL

She'd be proud if she could see you now wouldn't she?



**REVIVAL** — Any former college student is found that the instruction he received from the Red Cross is paying dividends. The Army is teaching many of the men the principals of first aid and life saving and those who have already had these courses are eligible for instructor training classes.

**ALL WORK AND NO PLAY** — When troops are on maneuvers the Red Cross field representatives work from before dawn till after midnight. Right, a dispatch rider has offered to take a message which the Red Cross field director has received from the family of one of the men, to the soldier concerned.

**ON THE JOB** — Since last December the Red Cross Military and Naval Welfare Service was employing a staff of 987 members. Field representatives are at all military camps and naval stations. Above, a Red Cross field director with the troops in the Louisiana maneuvers gets a ride in a "goon wagon", more properly known as a command car, on a mission to one of the men up front.



**MAP STUDY** — College girls are finding the Red Cross Motor Corps an interesting outlet. Above, members of the San Francisco Red Cross Motor Corps study the use of road maps as a defense measure.

## THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

Men and women in American colleges and universities are today learning more about the Red Cross than in a long while.

Until recently a majority of the people thought of the organization in terms of nurses, ambulances and front-line dressing stations. While these are important in the Red Cross scheme of things, much of the organization's work concerns itself with civilian defense measures.

This work today is essential and it goes forward on the American campus no less than in industrial areas and residential communities.

Instruction in first aid, nutrition, home nursing, disaster preparedness, and other subjects is being greatly expanded to provide as large a number of trained personnel as possible during the war emergency. Great numbers of volunteers are engaged in the production of various types of garments for distribution to our fellow citizens who have been, or may become, the victims of bombing. Recently the Red Cross has undertaken to furnish sweaters and other personal comforts to members of the armed forces stationed at outlying defense bases.

In these and in many other Red Cross activities the men and women in American colleges and universities are taking an increasing interest. They have found that the Red Cross is their Red Cross and that the growing mutual acquaintanceship is proving mutually profitable.

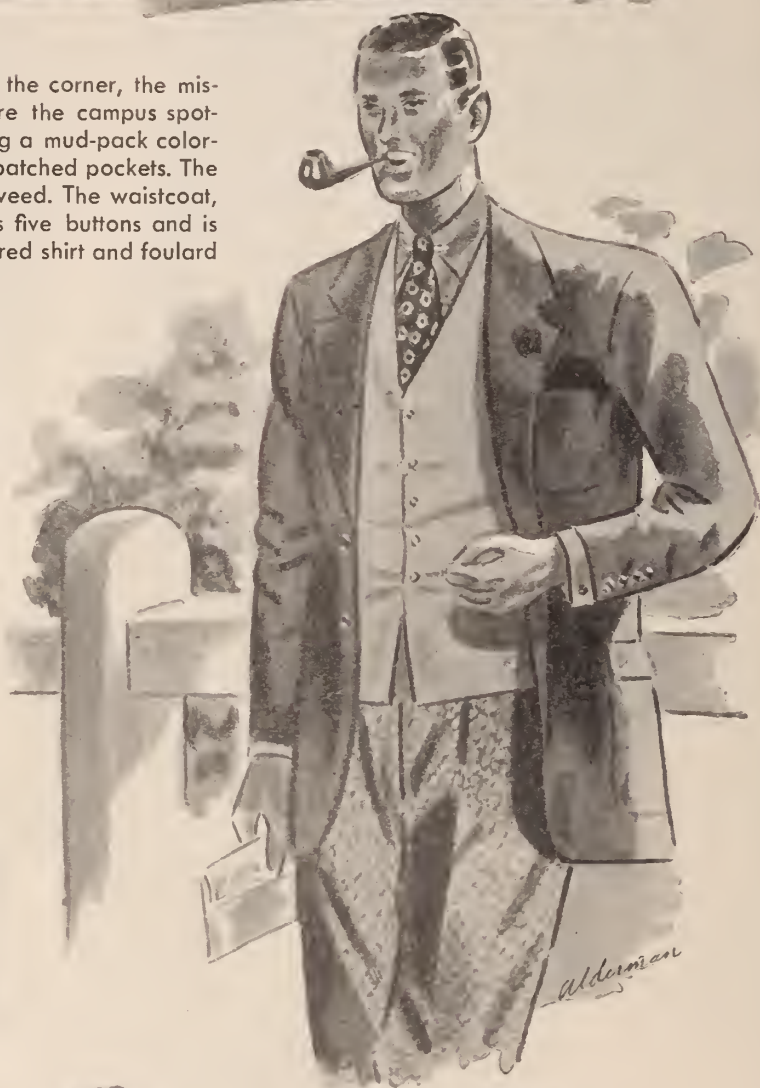
## IS YOUR RED CROSS



# SCENE ON CAMPUS

● With Spring somewhere just around the corner, the mismatched sport jacket and trousers capture the campus spotlight again. The pipe smoker is sporting a mud-pack colored single breasted flannel jacket with patched pockets. The trousers are a spice colored oatmeal tweed. The waistcoat, like the jacket, is flannel. It is tan, has five buttons and is squared off at the bottom. A solid colored shirt and foulard tie complete the picture.

The fellow with one foot on the ground is wearing a double-breasted fly-front grey Glen plaid topcoat with a blue overplaid. Underneath it, he has on a grey herringbone suit, a light blue striped oxford shirt and a solid colored silk maroon tie.



● The fellow to our right has borrowed his roommate's new single breasted blue sharkskin worsted suit. He wants to make a good impression on the girl whose picture he is admiring. (The girl, by the way, also belongs to the roommate.) The white broadcloth shirt and striped tie are his own.



# THE BACHELOR'S MONTHLY RECORD REVIEW

# PLATTER PRATTLE

By Robert L. Smith, E. E. '43

## I

### BOB CHESTER

The Chester Crew does a fair job on two pops—*As We Walk Into the Sunset* and *Tomorrow's Sunrise* (both well sung by Gene Howard), and a better job on the Chester theme of *Sunburst*, which is mostly smoothly-played ensemble with Bob's tenor the only solo. Happily, however, on *What To Do*, Sy Baker's trumpet is given free reign and, combined with a good Betty Bradley vocal, produces some exciting stuff. Bob's band shows up better with stronger material. Bluebird.

## II

### WOODY HERMAN

*Even Steven* is a rather good tune featuring Miss Billie Rogers, who is billed as "the female Roy Eldridge," both vocally and instrumentally. It must be confessed, however, that any semblance to *Little Jazz* by Miss Rogers is purely coincidental and wholly unnoticeable. *Lamplighter's Serenade* consists of Woody's singing the lyrics with the band humming in the background in a sort of poor man's Fred Waring style. *This side would have been better left uncut.* Decca 4253.

## III

### HARRY JAMES

The revamped James band shows its versatility to good advantage on *Trumpet Blues* and *Sleepy Lagoon* (Col. 36549) and *Skylark* and *The Clipper* (Col. 36533). *Blues* is a fast ensemble and gives the brass section a terrific workout, while *Lagoon* has the band playing a dreamy, excellently-scored melody with Hoyt Bonahan's trombone, James, and the fiddles highlighted. *Skylark* has Helen Forrest turning in another grand vocal against some more lush backgrounds. *Clipper* is kicked off at a tremendous tempo and Corky Corcoran's improved tenor and Harry's trumpet rocket all over the place. *You'll enjoy all four of these sides.*

## IV

### ARTIE SHAW

"Hot Lips" Page takes the vocal on a wonderfully arranged *Some Times I Feel Like a Motherless Child*. This oldie is done up in great fashion. Even better is trombonist Conniff's *Just Kiddin' Around*, which gets a marvelous beat and fine solos by Artie, Page's growl trumpet, and Blackie Auld (whose new band, incidentally, is very good and should not be missed.) *You'll get a bang out of both sides.* Victor 27806.

## V

### MUGGSY SPANIER

On *Little David, Play on Your Harp* Muggsy's gang sounds a little heavy and not quite at their ease. Nevertheless, good solo work by Spanier and Vernon Brown's trombone helps things a lot, and the side shows up fairly well as a whole. *Hesitation Blues* (played by only eight men from the band) is a magnificent thing with superb solos by Fazola's clarinet, Dave Bowman's piano, Muggsy and Brown. This side is equal to almost any one of the sixteen gems cut by Muggsy's Ragtime Band on Bluebird a few years back. Decca 4271.

## VI

### OKEH THEME SONG ALBUM

Okeh enters the popular album field with a collection of the themes of eight bands now under the Okeh label. Some of the sides are reissues, others are presented for the first time, but only a few are worth more than a playing or two. Themes are: Krupa's *Apurksody*, Frankie Master's *Scatterbrain*, Tommy Tucker's *I Love You* Les Brown's *Evening Star*, Calloway's *Minnie the Moocher*, Basie's *One O'Clock Jump* (far better than his Decca engraving of the tune), Spivak's *Stardreams*, and last and also least, Dick Jurgens' *Daydreams Come True at Night*. The Basie-Calloway coupling is doubtlessly the best disc with the Brown side not far behind.

# BURSAR'S



It has been estimated that every Lehigh man spends 7/9 of his career at school filling blanks for registration, enabling the school to know how much he owes his whereabouts at any time of day, to know his family history, who his friends are, and how much he owes. Yet twice a year our innocent campus is invaded by members of the fairer sex, who make their bold entrance

OUT OF BOUNDS

1

Name .....  
(last name second, second name third, middle name fourth)

Color Hair.....

If blond, answer the following:

1. Address?
2. Telephone number?

If brunette, answer the following:

1. Who the hell asked you to houseparty?
2. What are chances of a blond rinse coming to the rescue?

Size of feet .....  
(in acres)

Flat feet? .....  
(no or yes)

Do you wear shoes in the summer?....

Number of toes .....  
(to nearest tenth)

Remarks: .....

Do you have corns? .....  
(yes or no)

When did you first walk.....  
(year, month)

first kiss .....  
(don't be naive)

2

(Render assunder, along this line)

(For *Frozen and Bite*)

(For Sear & Roebucks Catalog)

Did your mother come from Ireland?.....

Social Security Number .....

Is there something 'bout your Irish?.....

Draft Number .....

Mother's kindergarten .....

Tires on your old man's car .....

Father's hobby .....

If more than seven, please report to the nearest jail; also see your dentist twice a year.

How did you manage to keep the truth about Houseparty from them? .....

Have you ever been to a place so cheap as not to give their dates flowers? .....  
(yes or no)

Or do you know the truth? .....  
(YOU WILL)

If so, in what part of Africa was it located?.....

How much money do you have with you?.....  
(embarrassing, isn't it?)

Religious preference .....  
(yes or no)

If so, where do you keep it?.....

Do you want to set the world on fire?.....  
(You've come to the right campus)



# RECEIPT

without so much as filling in one little blank. To eliminate the obvious horrors of this immoral situation—think of it- two (2) days and no blanks—here is the proposed entrance sheet to be filled out, by your dates on Friday of Houseparty, eliminating not only flowers for the big dance, but also the *big dance* on the first night of houseparty.

LADIES  
ONLY

3 (strew apart, along this line)

STATEMENT OF FEES

	Cash	Spiritual
Fine, skipping USO dance .....	\$4,009.23	2 years imprisonment
Loss on student tires .....	0.01	
Sleep tax at 45¢ per hour of sleep .....	450.36	
Biology lab fee .....	2.00	
Amusement tax .....	2.00	
Defense stamp eorsage tax, at 25¢ a bunch .....	.25	
Payment for kindly reading <i>Brown and White</i> ....	-55.00	
Neeking is a contact sport—Athletic fee .....	2.00	1 week chapel
"Grand Total \$4,000.00		
Name .....		
(first, last and always—address, telephone)		
Bursar's stamp goes here		
(Tear like hell across line)		

SEPTEMBER MOURN

# GOOD LUCK, SARGE!

## THE ARMY RECEIVES A SWELL GUY

By E. Howard Klein

### FIRST IN A SERIES OF GLIMPSES INTO THE LIVES OF SOME OF LEHIGH'S MOST INTERESTING CHARACTERS

#### I

#### *Lieutenant Thomas Duby*

Lehigh lost a great guy the other week when Sergeant Tom Duby became Lieutenant Thomas Duby and packed up to leave for distant places. He was a real sergeant of the old school who could turn the air powder blue with invective. He could tell stories about the old army that would curl your hair. I remember last June a couple of us were sitting down in the old Armory supply room listening to the Sergeant quietly but effectively curse the twenty-odd underclassmen who hadn't turned in their uniforms.

"Sometimes we never get 'em back," he lamented. "They think they've bought 'em and take 'em home with 'em. I can't imagine what for."

Long, lanky, lantern-jawed Duby had most of the freshmen and sophomores buffaloed, but the juniors and seniors knew him for a swell guy; and there was generally a bull-throwing contest in session in the uniform-lined basement room. The supply room combined the best features of a Post Exchange and an Officers' club.

About this time a threesome of youngsters came wandering in. Duby glared at them. Duby always glares at new arrivals. One of the three gulped and stepped forward.

"Say, now, where is that tank you used to have here? We are from Emmaus high school. Isn't it here yet?" he ventured.

"No," roared Duby. "Why, did you want to buy it?"

The kids generated a three-man traffic jam trying to

get out of the door.

"Say, Sarge," one of us asked, "Was the tank you piloted around in France like the one we used to have here?"

"Just about the same."

"How did you like tanks, Sarge?"

"No better, no worse than the rest of the service. Course they wreck your kidneys and deafen you and ruin your nerves. I was glad to get out of 'em after the war, lieutenant's bars or no lieutenant's bars."

"Weren't you in the cavalry before the war Sarge?"

"Yeah, now there's the real service branch. You had to be men to stay there." The papers were pushed back on the desk. The sergeant swung his feet up and lit a butt, inhaled deeply, and let the smoke curl out of his nose. We settled back to listen.

"Yeah, you had to be tough and you had to weigh less than 170 pounds. When I enlisted I weighed 169—just made the grade. But the cavalry keeps you busy enough that you don't gain weight.

"Cavalry school was just about the same then as it is now. Three months of hard riding until you could do anything on horseback you could do on two feet and a couple of things more.

"For a hell of a long while you rode without a saddle and maybe you don't think that made your rump sore. The bull pen was four miles from our stables. We were allowed to use a blanket on the ride over, but when we got there, off it came. This was in the middle of summer, and the horse was plenty sweated up. A couple of hours of exercising bareback, and you got plenty chafed. After the ride back and after the horses were curried down, some of the fellows would have to take showers to loosen their shorts up enough to get 'em off.

"That's another thing—in the cavalry the horse comes first. You feed and bed him down before you think about any chow for yourself. And the surest way



#### PI LAMBDA PHI

Lara Lou Aber . . . 5' 7" . . . blonde hair,  
blue eyes . . . School: Harrison High . . .  
Home: Harrison, Pa. . . Date: Jay Ween-  
'43.

#### THETA KAPPA PHI

Marion L. Meleady . . . 5' 6" . . . Blond  
hair, blue eyes . . . Home: Newark, N. J.  
. . . Date: Joseph M. Sexton, '42.

#### ALPHA KAPPA PI

June Howlett . . . 5' 6", Brunette, brown  
eyes . . . School: Newark Art School . . .  
Home: Hillside, N. J. . . Date: Ernest  
White, '42.

#### THETA DELTA CHI

Ruth Halsey . . . 5' 6", brown-red hair,  
blue eyes . . . Columbia High School . . .  
Home: South Orange, N. J. . . Date: Bill  
Miller, '45.

#### DELTA UPSILON

Rose Agar, 5' 3", brown eyes, brown hair  
. . . Home: Scarsdale, N. Y. . . Date: John  
Quincy.



### TAU DELTA PHI

Betty Gross . . . 5' 3", brown hair, brown eyes . . . Fort Hill High School . . . Home: 'umberland, Md. . . Date: Leonard Schwab, '44.

### PHI GAMMA DELTA

Gerry Peter . . . 5' 4", blonde hair, blue eyes . . . Home: Summit, N. J. . . Date: Cab Baker, '44.

### TAYLOR HALL

Delores Conda . . . 5' 5", brunette, eyes . . . Spring Mill, Pa. . . Date: I Gilmore, '44.

### PSI Upsilon

Cherry Bakewell . . . 5' 4", brown eyes, brunette hair . . . School: Carnegie Art Graduate . . . Home: Sewickley, Pa. . . Date: Whitney Snyder.

### CHI PSI

Polly Ann Shedd . . . 5' 4" . . . blonde hair, blue eyes . . . School: Northfield . . . Home: Burlington, Vt. . . Date: Frank E. Smith, Jr., '42.







#### BETA THETA PI

Betty Eyck . . . 5' 4" . . . brown hair,  
hazel eyes . . . Cedar Crest Graduate . . .  
Home: Elizabeth, N. J. . . . Date: J. P.  
Larkin.

#### SIGMA PHI

Marjories Dalton . . . 5' 6", blonde hair,  
brown eyes . . . School: Dickerson College  
. . . Home: Palm Beach, Fla. . .  
Date: Richard Wieler '45

#### DRINKER HOUSE

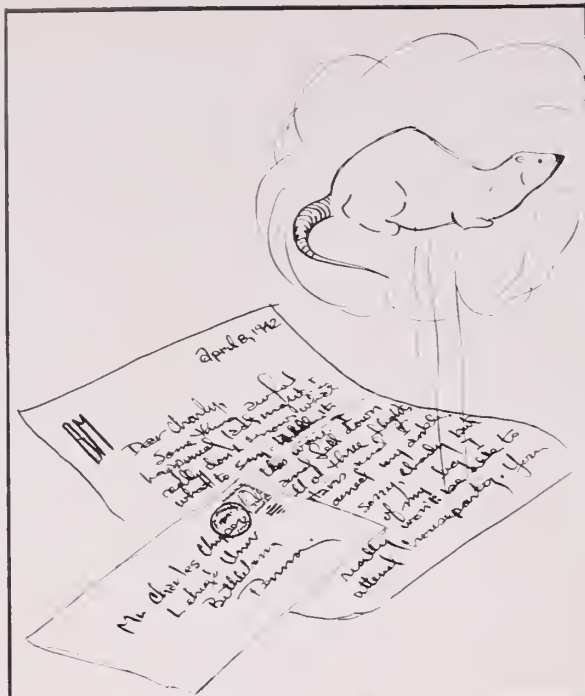
Monika Dahl . . . "Niki" . . . Blond  
blue eyes, 5' 2" . . . School: Mary Wash  
ton College . . . Home: New York City  
Date: Ned Blossom, '44.

#### RICHARDS HOUSE

Jane Stroud . . . 5' 7", blonde hair, blue  
eyes . . . Home: Louisville, Kentucky . . .  
Date: Robert K. Brown, '43.

#### SIGMA CHI

Shirley Traver . . . "Tony" . . . 5' 7",  
brown hair, blue eyes . . . School: Syracuse  
. . . Home: Harrisburg, Pa. . . Date: Hank  
Renwer, '42.



# LIFE CAN BE

By  
Hosford

## A HOUSEPARTY IN 6



### I

Two days before Houseparty Charlie receives epistle from date of long standing containing a weak excuse for breaking said engagement at the last minute. Charlie smells a rat, and suspects a snappy Army uniform has something to do with his misfortune.



### II

His roommate learning of the tragedy, seizes the phone, and speaking with dramatic college-boy smoothness succeeds in making a date for Charlie with the girlfriend of his cousin's sister.

### III

Unconvinced of the wisdom of this latest move, Charlie has his roommate describe this unknown creature. With bravado and many flourishing gestures the description is given—with too much bravado to please Charlie whose suspicions are now thoroughly aroused.

# BEAUTIFUL

and

McKinley

## FAIRY TALE

## ACTS

### IV

Sleep is impossible that night as the unhappy boy imagines all sorts of ghoulish individuals with whom he might be stuck with for the weekend. Only happy thought is that of beloved "roomie" in that oft-quoted, hot place of uncertain geographical location.

### V

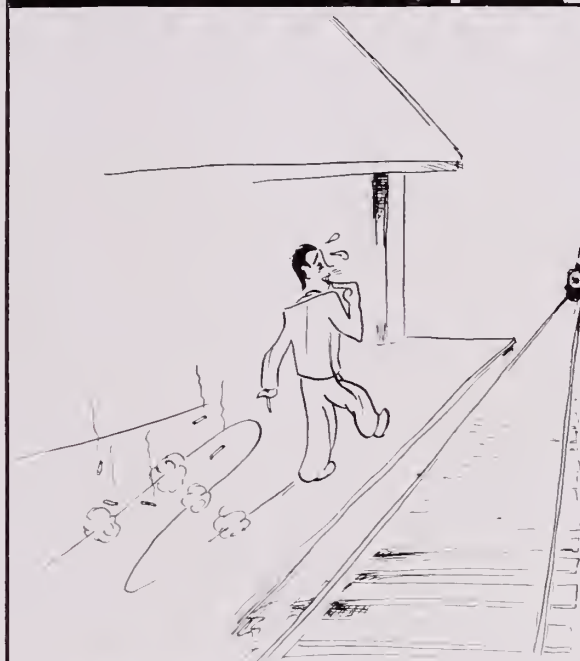
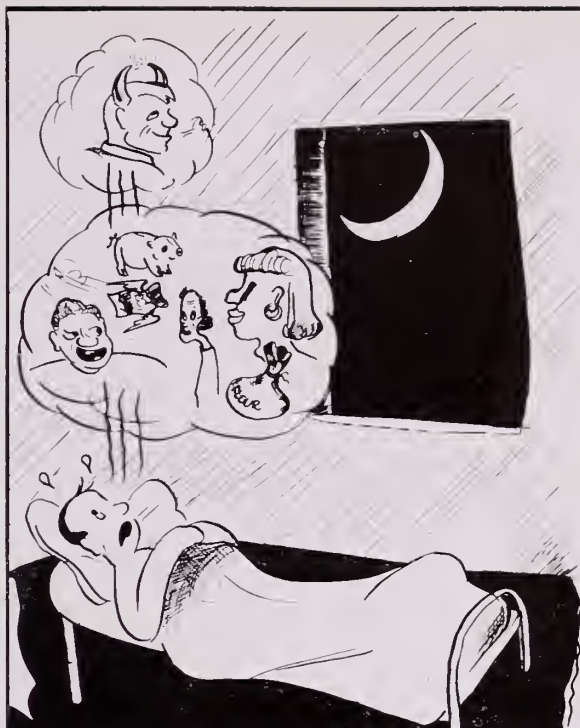
Two days pass—two days of unending worry and fidgeting and drinking to ease the pain—and we find the kid gnawing away at his finger nails and smoking feverishly as he paces up and down the platform waiting for *that* train.

### VI

On approaching the last girl to leave the train, a veritable queen, and discovering that she is his roommate's cousin's sister's girlfriend, Charlie gasps, giggles, hiccoughs and falls down in a dead faint.

### POST MORTEM

Beware friends, this is just a story, and such things really don't happen.





### BETA KAPPA

Margaret Bradford . . . "Margie" . . . 5' . . . brunette-brown eyes . . . School: Denison University . . . Home: Wheeling, West Virginia . . . Date: William Bloecher, '45.

### PI KAPPA ALPHA

Peggy Addicks . . . 5' 7", blonde hair, blue eyes . . . School: Cornell . . . Home: Westfield, J. . . . Date: Steve Woodruff, '44.

### LAMBDA CHI ALPHA

Virginia Rogers . . . "Ginny" . . . 5' 4", blonde hair, blue eyes . . . School: Blackson College . . . Home: Pennington, N. J. . . . Date: Robert Burroughs, '43.

### SIGMA NU

Patty Pearsall . . . 5' 2", dark hair, brown eyes . . . Cedar Crest College . . . Home: Pelham, N. Y. . . . Date: George Elliot, '42.

### CHI PHI

Kayel Rogers . . . 5' 6", chestnut hair, blue eyes . . . School: Cornell . . . Home: Westfield, N. J. . . . Date: Ed Leet, '44.

### KAPPA ALPHA

Marjories McGuigan . . . 5' 6" . . . brown hair, brown eyes . . . School: Stephens College . . . Home: Montclair, N. J. . . . Date: Owen Graham, '42.







#### KAPPA SIGMA

Norma Wurth . . . 5' 5", blonde hair, blue eyes . . . Home: Rutherford, N. J. . . . Date: Lester Dodson, '44.

#### PHI DELTA THETA

Carol Carter . . . tall, brunette . . . School: Edgewood Park . . . Home: Garden City, L. I. . . . Date: Roy Figueroa, '44.

#### DELTA SIGMA PHI

Maudie Wenkenbach . . . 5' 6", brown brown eyes . . . School: North Carolina men's College . . . Home: Wyncote, Pa Date: John Zimmerman, '45.

#### ALPHA CHI RHO

Betty Turk . . . 5' 5" . . . brown hair, brown eyes . . . Home: Maplewood, N. J. . . . Date: Ken Norris, '43.

#### ALPHA TAU OMEGA

Phyllis MacHarg . . . 5' 2", brunette, green eyes . . . School: Albany Academy . . . Home: Albany, N. Y. . . . Date: Dave Davidson.

#### PRICE HOUSE

Charlotte M. Eck . . . 5' 4", brunette.  
brown eyes . . . School: Hood College . . .  
Home: Wyomissing, Pa. . . Date: Ethan  
Smith, '45.

#### SIGMA ALPHA MU

Isabelle Hickey . . . 5' 6", Blonde hair.  
brown eyes . . . School: Wellsley . . . Home:  
Hartford, Connecticut . . . Date: Norm Blanc,

#### SIGMA PHI EPSILON

Patrica Dawley . . . 5' 3", black hair,  
brown eyes . . . School: Bucknell University  
. . . Home: Ramsey, N. J. . . Date: Jessie  
Beers, '42.

#### DELTA PHI

Jane Walters . . . 5' 6", brunette, hazel  
eyes . . . School: Hareum Junior College . . .  
Home: Wyncote, Pa. . . Date: James H.  
Kidder, '42.

#### THETA XI

Weslea Morey . . . "Wes" . . . 5' 2"  
black hair, brown eyes . . . School: Adelphi  
College . . . Home: Flushing, Long Island  
. . . Date: Town Thayer, '44.

#### DELTA TAU DELTA

Elinor Fitch . . . 5' 6" . . . Hazel eyes,  
brown hair . . . School: Madison College . . .  
Home: Oil City, Pa. . . Date: Bob Whipple  
'42.





## DUB Y . . .

from page 10

to get courtmartialed is to abuse a horse. To hit or kick a horse is about the worst thing you can do in the cavalry.

"There are a lot of things a cavalryman has to learn to do—take jumps, cross country riding, pick up a dismounted man on a run, train remounts, take care of his horse, and a lot more stuff. Of course a lot of guys don't make the grade and are transferred out, but those who do really know how to ride.

"Every man trains his own mount. When you get a remount, he is broken to a saddle and that's about all. A cavalryman really trains his horse; he doesn't bust out all the spirit like a cowboy does. In fact, in the army you aren't allowed to let a horse buck.

"I don't know where the hell cowpunchers ever got the reputation of being riders. A cow pony is the sorriest lookin' animal you'd ever want to see. They can do their job and that's about all. A cow-puncher slaps a saddle built like a rocking chair on the poor animal's back, and he shoves his feet up to his knees in the stirrups. A 90 year old grandmother couldn't fall out of the damned things.

"These Western buckin' contests aren't a question of riding, but are a matter of how much punishment you can take before you get disgusted and quit. When our

outfit was stationed on the border we used to have rodeos with both American cowpunchers and Mexican caqueros. And we used to ride rings around 'em.

"During the Mexican border trouble I was with the Mounted Infantry scouts. We were stationed with the 9th and 10th Cavalry. They are colored outfits, and maybe you don't think those boys can ride. A Negro cavalryman just about lives with his horse.

We had a mule at the post that nobody could ride until a big buck nigger sergeant came along. I remember him saying 'Ah kin ride anythin' you gives me.'

"And that black sonuvagun rode that mule to a standstill. And exhibitions—those colored boys had fancy riding down pat. Monkey shines we called 'em.

"The army wasn't such a bad place then. We were still wearing blue uniforms for dress—those jobs with the high choker collar. They'd chafe the hell out of you on a hot day.

"Then we had what we called high school horses. Really fancy steppers—fully trained they'd be worth about \$1,500 as showhorses.

"Yeah, in 30 years I've seen a lot of grief in this man's army. In two-three more years I'll be retired, then I'll get me a little place in the country and raise dogs." The sergeant's butt ascribed a neat parabola across the room into the G-I can. "What the hell—it's ten minutes to five—let's close up this firetrap and go home."



Billions for National Defense, but not one cent for self defense."

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 for college Students**

**The Allen Laundry**

from page 4

SAILOR

I don't get you.

GIRL

Who you trying to kid? You aren't fooling anybody.

SAILOR

What do you mean?

GIRL

Look at me, kid. Take a good look at what you've been working up to. You've got a swell girl waiting for you at home, why don't you stay clean and decent yourself?

SAILOR

Sure, but I haven't seen a girl in six months—and you look pretty nice to me.

GIRL

Wise up, sailor. I'd have clipped you for everything you got before the night's over—if you hadn't broken me down with that spring—night-in-the-park and girl-back-home routine.

*(The Girl stands up.)*

SAILOR

You mean the party's off?

GIRL

Yeah—but say, sailor, would you do me a favor?

*(She sits down again.)*

SAILOR

Yeah, what?

GIRL

Kiss me—kiss me the way you'd kiss your Carol.

*(He hesitates, then takes her in his arms and gives her a long, hard kiss. They separate and the Girl stands again. A second later the Sailor stands.)*

Lucky Carol. Gimme a cigarette.

*(He fishes a cigarette out of his breast pocket and lights it for her. She takes a deep drag. He stands there hesitantly. She blows the smoke in his face.)*

Shove off, sailor. The night's young, the fleet's in, and you're blocking traffic.

*(He turns slowly and exits Left. The Girl watches him leave, drops her cigarette and grinds it out with her toe. She straightens her skirt and picks up her handbag.)*

Christ, but I'm getting soft.

*(The Girl exits Right. Again the stage is empty for a moment and then a couple in evening dress enters Left. The girl, the Post-Debutante, is not more than twenty-two. She is pretty, but her expression is sullen and her mouth petulant. Her companion, the Gentleman, is about thirty, a composite of what the successful young man of good family is supposed to look like. She is speaking as they enter.)*

POST-DEBUTANTE

Really, Neil, some of your ideas—here we are at a perfectly good party at Myrt's apartment and you want



to take a walk in the park because it's spring. I know what the park is like in the spring. There's nothing unusual about it. It happens every year.

GENTLEMAN

You'd had too much Scotch and needed the air.

POST-DEBUTANTE

You might think I was a child the way you try to regulate my drinking. I'm old enough to—

GENTLEMAN

Let's stop here for a minute.

*(He motions toward the bench.)*

POST-DEBUTANTE

Am I supposed to sit there? My dress . . . the bench is dirty.

*(He spreads his handkerchief on the bench and she sits down.)*

I gather that this is rated as being highly romantic.

GENTLEMAN

Some people might think so. I wondered if you would.

POST-DEBUTANTE

I don't, but if we must sit here, give me a cigarette.

*(He opens a silver case. She takes a cigarette and he lights it with a lighter.)*

GENTLEMAN

What's happening to us, Ginny?

POST-DEBUTANTE

Happening to us?

page 22, please

"We Are in Business for Your Appearance"

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You will find us right inside the door of the big building with the square tower.

We would really like to help you select something.

Yours,

**The Supply Bureau**

from page 21

GENTLEMAN

We don't seem to be clicking anymore. We used to have fun doing the simpler things—driving up to the lake on weekends—swimming and sailing—and sometimes just loafing around.

POST-DEBUTANTE

Those things don't interest me anymore, Neil.

GENTLEMAN

I can see that. There was a time when you would get a thrill out of a spring night. Now you don't seem to be happy unless you're surrounded by a bunch of phonies in some night club or at a party in someone's overcrowded, over-decorated apartment. I don't fit into that picture, Ginny. When do we start to form some sort of normal life? I love you, Ginny. You know that I love you. But I want somebody that will make me a wife. We can't keep on going this way. We're drifting apart.

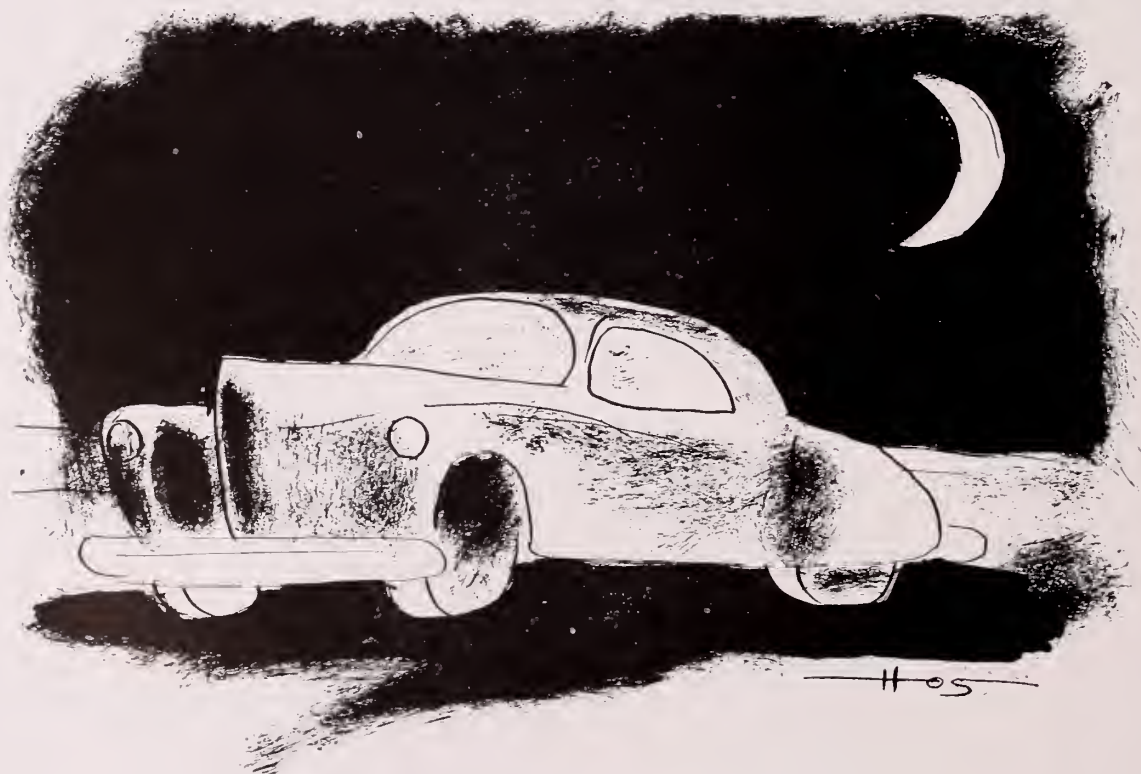
POST-DEBUTANTE

Sometimes you bore me, Neil, with your sentimentality. You talk like a college freshman.

GENTLEMAN

I'm sorry if I bore you. Perhaps it's because I love you so much . . . so much that you steal any cleverness I might have in saying things.

page 25, please



What do ya mean, time and one-half for overtime?"



## CLASS

The freshman had been invited for a weekend to the home of a very wealthy classmate. That evening, when he went up to bed, he was shown to his room, a most lavish affair. As he climbed into bed, he noticed a cord hanging overhead. He wondered what it could be. Time after time, he fought back the temptation to pull it, until finally curiosity got the best of him. He decided to pull it and let whatever would happen, happen. He gave the cord a strong yank, and all the lights in the room went out.

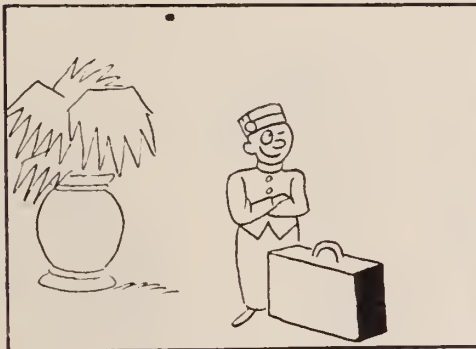
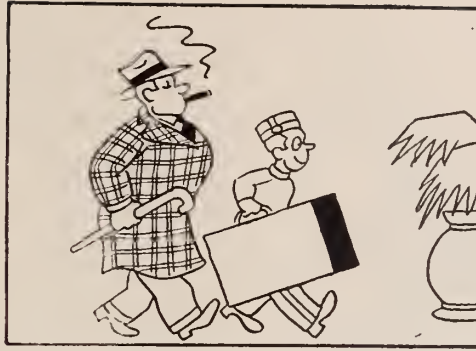

All work and no play makes jack the dull way.

Soft soap has cleaned many a guy.

A monkey looks like a man who is worried. A monkey looks like a man who is worried because he has made a monkey of himself. And a monkey looks worried because he is aware that he looks like a man who is worried because he has made a monkey of himself.

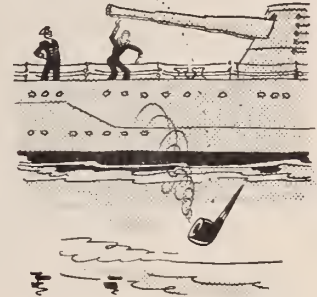
### The New Income Tax Form

- How much did you make last year?
- How much do you have left?
- Send b.

## SAILOR SMEDLEY'S PIPE WAS DEADLY

*but he's out of the dog house now!*



"SMELLS LIKE A DEAD WHALE!" roared the Captain. "Heave it overboard! The Navy likes mild and fragrant tobacco for pipes. Try Sir Walter Raleigh."



NO, SMEDLEY DIDN'T get to be an Admiral, but he won a grin of approval from the Captain by switching to this mildest, mellow blend of finest burleys. Try a tin!

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What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

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Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

Income Tax Song: Everything I Have is Yours.

"I'm going to kiss you in a minute."

"Aren't you forgetting yourself?"

"That's right. I'm thinking only of the pleasure it'll give you."

"In the old days, did the knights fight with battle-axes?"

"Well, the married knights did."

## IT'S A FACT

—That there wouldn't be any worry about airplane propellers coming off if they were fastened on the way the tops of glass fruit jars are.

—That there is this to be said in favor of railroad time tables; even if you are looking at the wrong one, it probably won't matter.

—That a Scotchman who has to settle with a waiter, would prefer to do it on the field of honor.

—That a lot of people don't care who makes the laws of the nation. You can tell that when the election returns come in.

—That if all Charles Boyer's mash notes were placed end to end, there would be enough mush to feed Europe for the next twenty years.

—"That most men don't know what to do with their hands," says a well known tailor. For proof, we offer our bridge partner. He invariably is one of them.

—That the skin of the human palm is seventy-six times as thick as that of the eyelid. Nevertheless it is so sensitive that the touch of a piece of paper the size of a treasury note will cause a waiter's hand to clench convulsively.

—That graphologists must find it easier to analyze some people's handwriting than to read it.

It makes no difference how much a saxophone player toots his horn, the drummer can beat his time.

He (embracing her firmly): Darling, your freckles are cute.

She: Freckles, heck; I've got the measles.



"Didn't you ever hear of osmosis?"

from page 22

## POST-DEBUTANTE

You're practically psychic, Neil. You are boring. I won't argue the point.

*(A young couple with their arms around each others' waists enters Right and goes strolling by. They are very much absorbed in each other and what they are saying cannot be heard. They exit Left.)*

There goes your "young love in the springtime." Touching, isn't it? And rather pathetic. The only effect this moonlight through apple blossoms atmosphere has on me is to make me thirsty.

*(She crushes out her cigarette on the arm of the bench and tosses the butt away.)*

## GENTLEMAN

Funny, it doesn't affect me that way. I thought—well, Ginny, our engagement is becoming sort of a farce.

## POST-DEBUTANTE

And not a very funny farce any longer. Let's face it, Neil. We don't think the same way any longer. Let's call it quits.

*(She pulls her engagement ring from her finger and hands it to him. He accepts it dully.)*

Now, let's get back to the party. I want to announce

my freedom and you look as if you need a drink.

*(She stands and starts to exit Left. He follows.)*

## GENTLEMAN

Wait, Ginny . . . Ginny, I—

*(The stage is empty until the young couple re-enters Left.)*

## GIRL

Well, they've gone, Joe. Did you notice they were wearing evening clothes?

## BOY

Yeah, cafe society goes slumming in the public parks. Why don't they stay where they belong?

## GIRL

You didn't have to say that, Joe. It's spring and it's nice here in the park—and they're probably in love too.

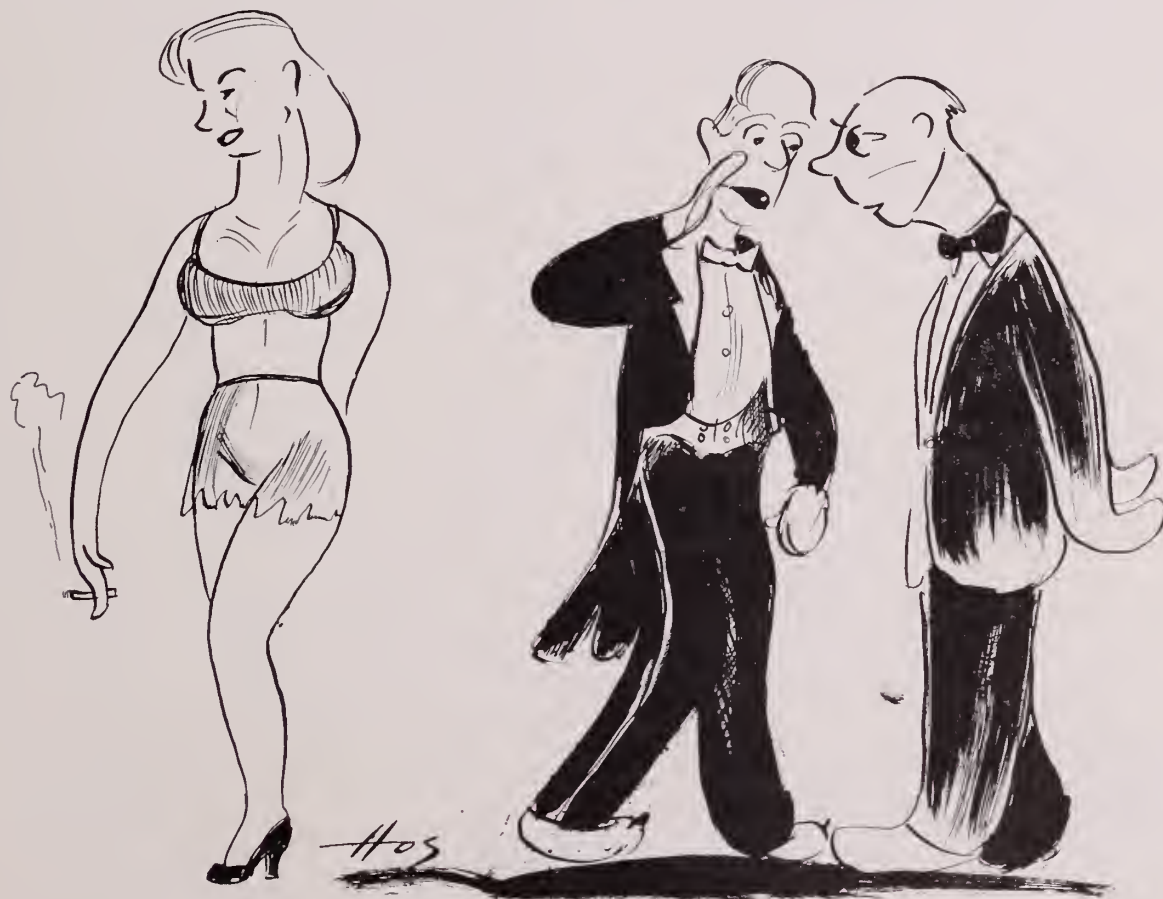
## BOY

Well, anyway, they've left us our bench—sit down.

*(After they are seated he puts his arm around her and she nestles against his shoulder. This maneuver is accomplished with a smoothness that suggests much practice.)*

I bet you he makes more in a week than I make in a year—that guy, I mean. Me, a shipping clerk, drawing down a lousy twenty-five a week. I bet you he spent twenty-five for the flowers she was wearing.

over please



"National Defense, You Know!!"



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from page 25

GIRL

What difference does it make? They've gone now.

BOY

I bet they live over there in those apartments. You know the kind that advertise "with lovely view of the park and river" and have a doorman in uniform planted out in front.

GIRL

So what, Joe?

BOY

So you deserve that sort of thing too, and you'll never get it if you stick with me. What'll I ever amount to?

GIRL

Those things don't mean so much, Joe. Look, they still come to the park on a spring night. And we have as much right here as they do. And they don't enjoy it anymore than we do—maybe not as much. It doesn't matter how much you make, Joe. Just so it's enough for us to get married on and get a little apartment somewhere.

BOY

Do you really mean that? Sure you wouldn't be sick of things after a while. It would be pretty tough going until I got a raise.

GIRL

We'll do all right. I can work for a while—until we get the furniture and stuff paid for anyway.

BOY

Maybe things will work out.

GIRL

Sure they will.

BOY

You're a swell kid.

*(She looks up at him. He kisses her once and then again. She laughs shakily.)*

GIRL

This could go on all night. Let's go over to my place and see if anyone's home.

*(They exit Left arm in arm. The stage remains empty for a minute before the Tramp enters Right, jaunty as ever, with the book still tucked under*

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from previous page

*his arm.)*

TRAMP

Ah—here I am back at my happy home. It should be an hour or so before the jackals of the law disturb my reading again.

*(He seats himself on the bench and starts to open the book. He sees something on the ground in front of him and picks it up.)*

A butt . . . a cigarette butt over two inches long . . . what an unexpected pleasure.

*(He looks at it critically.)*

Lipstick . . . I wonder . . . I wonder just what fair lady held you to her lips. What part did you play in the little drama that was enacted here in my absence? Was it a comedy or tragedy? Well—anything might happen on a spring night in the park.

*(He lights the butt, lies down on the bench, and starts to read from the book.)*

These I have loved . . .

Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the strong crust  
Of friendly bread; and many-tasting food;  
Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood;  
And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers;  
And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny hours,  
Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon . . .

(CURTAIN)

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"Balloon dance, eh!!"

"I want to see some kid gloves for my eight-year-old daughter."

"Yes, ma'am; white kid?"

"Sir!"

—Dodo

\* \* \*

It was one of those Monday mornings, when the events of the previous weekend begin to take form that is most noticeable by a pounding headache, that this Freshman friend of ours ordered an egg in one of the campus dineries. On her way to the table the waitress dropped the egg and in alarm cried out:

"Oh what shall I do?"

"Cackle like hell," advised our friend, raising up from his semi-stupor. "You'll have one helluva time doing it again."

*The Lehigh REVIEW*

\* \* \*

From my files, cross-indexed under both "aquarium" and "gender," comes this little household hint on how to tell whether your goldfish is a boy or girl: To the water in the goldfish bowl add one-half ounce of sulphuric acid. If he comes floating to the top, he is a boy; and if she comes floating to the top, she is a girl.

—Exchange

\* \* \*

#### LONELY

Called up a girl in Risley the other night. The following conversation ensued:

Feminine voice: "Hello."

Me: "Hello. Is Pat there?"

"No."

"Is her roommate there?"

"No."

"Well, is anybody there?"

"No, not here, but the girl across the hall is in. Do you want to speak to her?"

—Cornell Widow

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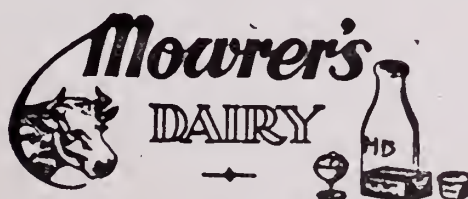
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